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interested in local history and involved with the writing of local history without wondering or asking: "What do my peers think of me for being involved with the Historical Society and local history?" At the age of 17, one must care what one's peers think. At the age of 39, one does not allow oneself to be slowed down by what one's peers think. I am very pleased with who I am and what I have done and what I am doing, ^{and where I am going} and I don't give a tinker's damn what my peers think. Well, enough of all that. One day about a month ago, John and I were walking into the News office. When we arrived at the ^{front} desk, Phil remarked: "How's the Carbonade Historical Society today?" It's true. John and I are the Historical Society. If the two of us were to disappear from the face of the earth at 2 PM on a Tuesday, at 2:01 PM on that same day, the Historical Society would, in effect, cease to exist.

After Job and I left the Bell School, we stopped at the Moss Mansion, so-called, and I took a photograph of it. It may be useful later on -- particularly in light of the fact that the word around town is that it is to be torn down. John next showed me where the new "church in a garage" is located and I photographed that. We drove down Belmont and Job showed me the Louis Turano store. After we drove by, I asked John if he could endure a ten-minute visit to the Turano grocery. Louis Turano is a bigoted, obnoxious, abominable, deluded man. He has called me repeatedly at the news office and I have put him off. He last called to ask me to take a photograph of him for an application for a gun license. I took a couple of photographs of him today. Our visit with Louis Turano lasted about 15 minutes. What a relief to have that out of the way. I dropped John off at his mother's store and then returned to the NEWS.